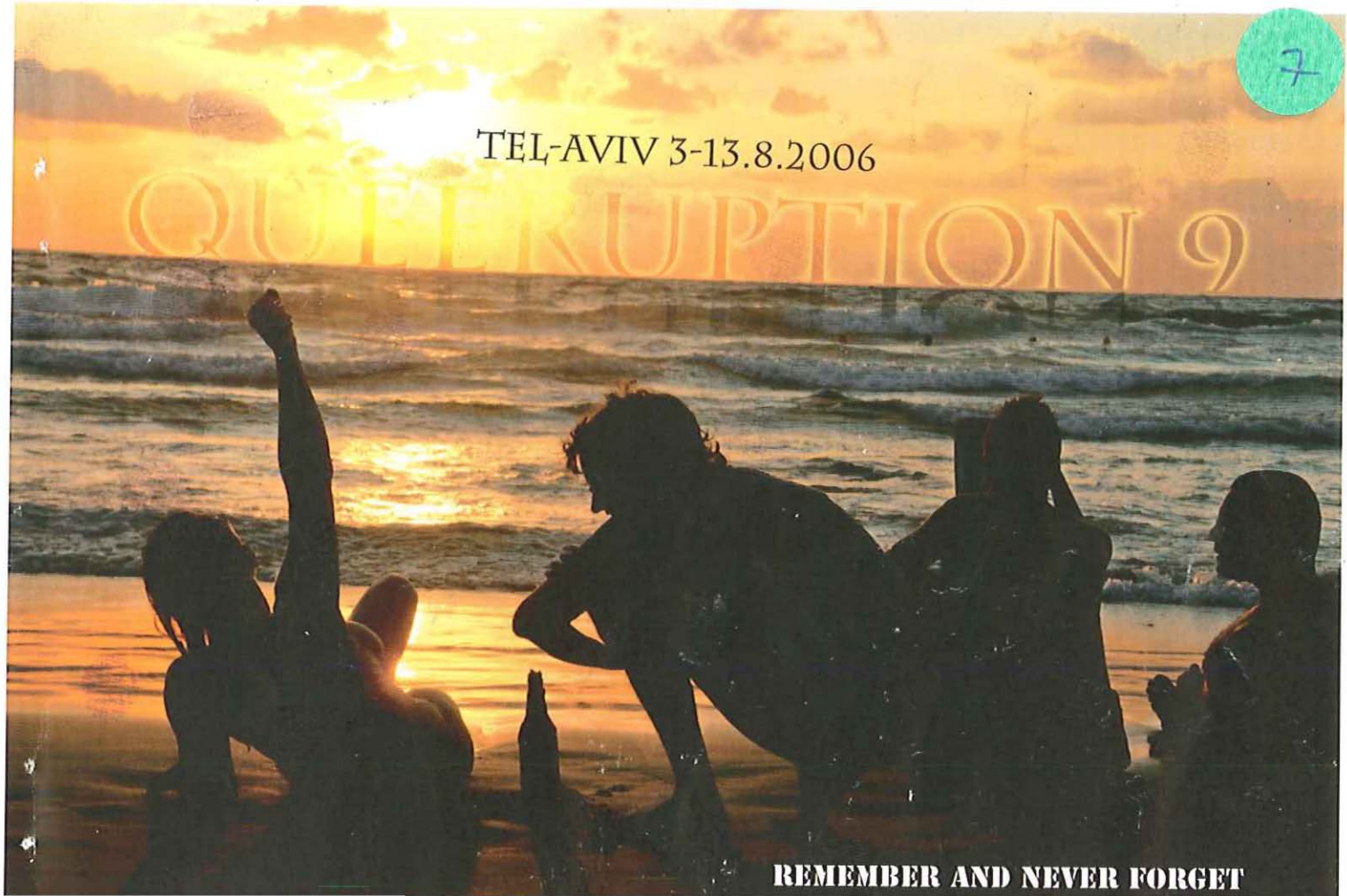

7
TEL-AVIV 3-13.8.2006
QUEERUPTION 9
REMEMBER AND NEVER FORGET

May 2007

It's summer in Tel-Aviv again.

The government inquiry committee is handing down its conclusions about the failures of what is by now known as "The second Lebanon war".

Lymor who was badly injured in the head during the Queeruption demonstration in the Palestinian village Bil'in is back to activism and protest. He still speaks 8 languages.

B' who arrived at the Queeruption from Ramallah lives in the US today after growing tired of the threats he receved on his life. He's still doing drag in Arabic.

The Cinema Paradildo group that came together after the Queeruption recently held in the tough neighborhood Florentine a campy screening of the Eurovision song contest. Next month the group is celebrating the 40th birthday of the occupation as part of a week of direct actions.

The police refuse to give permission for the pride parade in Jerusalem-al-Quds that's also planned for next month, due to repeated threats to hurt marchers.

It's summer in Tel-Aviv again.

The attempt to lock in words and pictures what happened here last summer - is doomed to failure. And still, it was exciting to meet again the memories from last summer, memories from Queeruption Tel-Aviv.

Thank to Antoine, Liad, David M, David Sh., Ishai, Tammy, Uri, Topi, Yossi W., Pedro, Guy, Tal, Daniel, Roi, Shiri, Michal, Sarit, Amnon and Activestills.

Thank to all the living being and goddesses who contibuted for making the 9th Queeruption come ture.

www.queeruption.org/q2006

Our Friends

Queerhana
www.queerhana.org

Queeruption Vancouver
www.queeruption.org/q10vancouver2007

Queers against G8
www.queersagainstg8.blogspot.com

Cinema Paradildo
www.myspace.com/paradildo

Activestills
www.activestills.org

The 40 years of occupation coalition
www. kibush40.org

Salon Mazal
www.salonmazal.org

Dear all Queeruptors, actual and potential,

I arrived in Tel Aviv in January and have been working with the organizing group since then in a state of perpetual surprise and inspiration. Really. Few times in my life have I felt so connected with a community of people working so hard on something amazing and few times have I felt so supported and cared for.

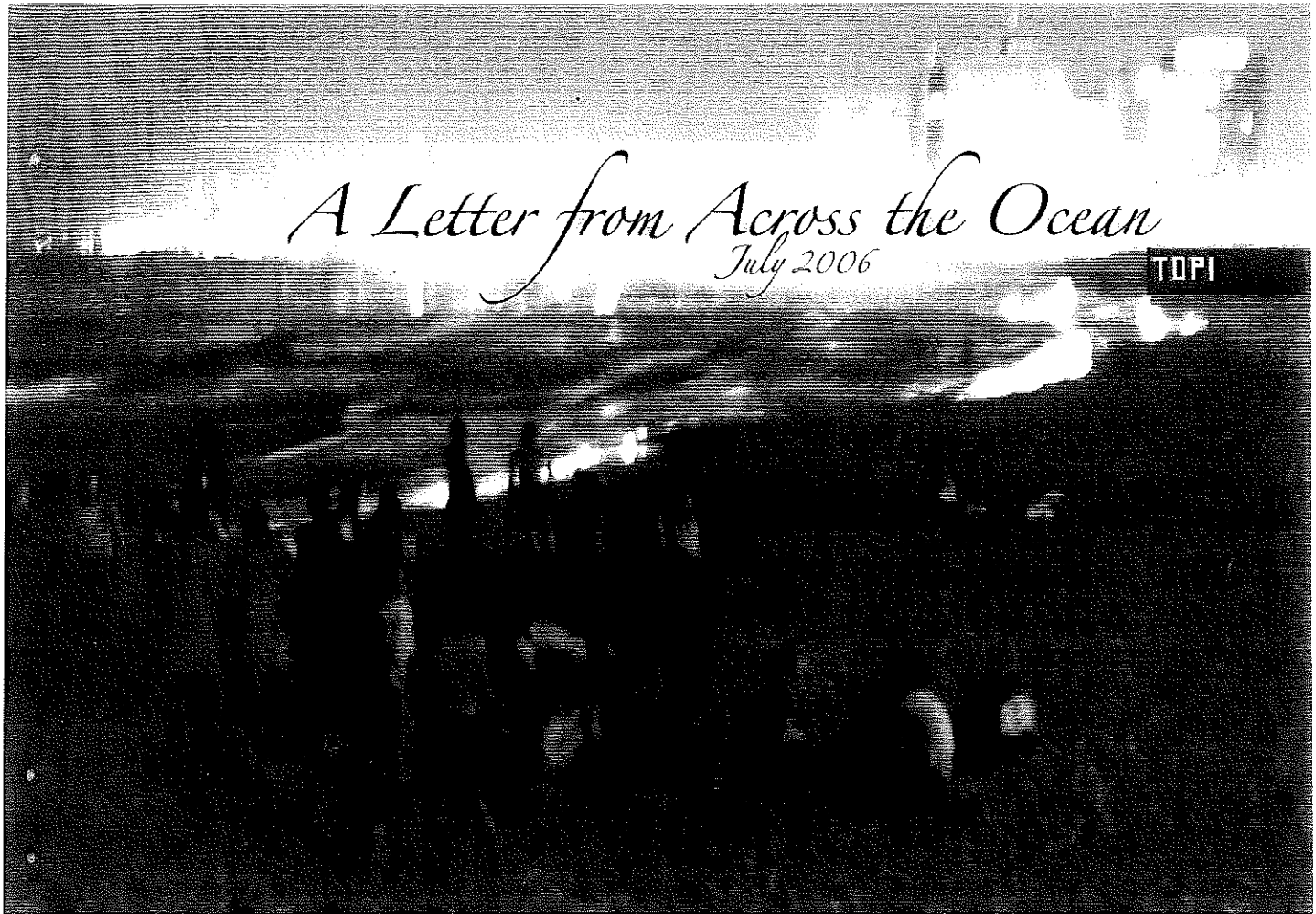
Out of the idea for a safe space during Q9 we created the T-team - a trauma team for activists in Israel Palestine (or at least the Israeli side so far) and have hence created something desperately needed that's been a great source of personal support and learning for me. I also had the opportunity to tour on behalf of Queeruption in Catalonia, Spain, Galicia and the Basque country and every time I showed the movie and spoke about Q9 I felt proud to be part of something so damn cool.

Right now I'm back in England and I've been talking to folks who are thinking about not booking their flights to Tel-Aviv or canceling them or whatever and I feel saddened that Q9 will be missing so many amazing people because of the incredibly shitty happenings of this week. I can't say that I personally feel any less safe about flying to Tel-Aviv right now than I did 6 months ago. the time I've spent in Palestine made it perfectly clear to me that the war there is perpetual and though bombs might not be 'raining' onto 'Israeli soil' every day, it's clear that the danger lies in who you are and where you live. I don't imagine the privilege of being in Tel-Aviv and not Beirut, Gaza city, Bil'in, Sderot or wherever has changed so drastically in the last few days.

I also understand that it's hard to imagine planning parties and sex parties and porn workshops when 'Israel at war', but I have to say, from my limited understanding, that Israel always is. That's the situation when you organize a Queeruption somewhere like Tel-Aviv. There's occupation, there's war, there's religious fanaticism in Jerusalem that offers rewards to anyone who attacks gays during World Pride. And there's also an amazing network of people opposing all of that, constructing something beautiful and free and respectful in its place. There are people taking direct action and people supporting them. There are people opening a new world through party and people breaking boundaries with sex. There are people who worked for over year to make the best Queeruption ever.

A Letter from Across the Ocean

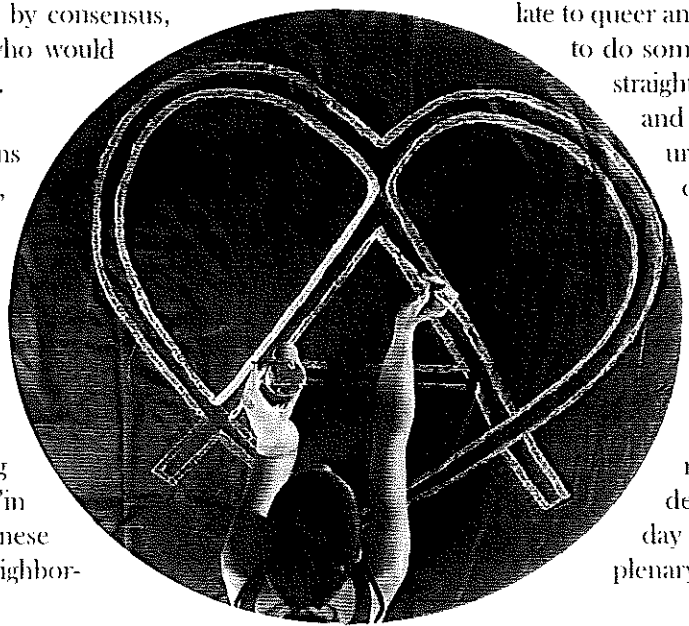
July 2006



If I can't revolt to it, it's not my party!

DAVID SH.

For those who have never heard of it: the Queeruption is a 10-day D.I.Y. radical queer festival held annually. There's no way that only a few words from me could possibly explain it adequately but in very brief: People who work, play, and have sex by consensus, and fight against those who would restrict our rights to do so.



In practice, this means both having wild, crazy, sexy parties, where every single possible sexual orientation and combination thereof are representing to the fullest; and in the Israeli-Palestinian context, demonstrating against the stealing of West Bank land in Bil'in and the murder of Lebanese civilians in the posh neighborhoods of high-ranking Israeli Army officials.

In addition to the demos and the debauchery, there were many workshops on a whole assortment of topics that relate to queer anarchist issues. Hell, we even got to do some of the regular old things that straight people do, like play basketball and bike along the beach. And naturally, there were lots of informal opportunities for people to get to know each other, cook up a pot of soup, cook up a bowl of green, and just chill out.

But for me, the highlight was the one thing that I've never had the chance to do before in my life, and that's practice true democracy, in real-time. Every day of the Queeruption, a general plenary was held to discuss important

issues and make decisions affecting the whole group. No votes were ever cast; over 100 people hashed out the issues until a kind of consensus was reached, and then we all supported the decisions made. With the exception of the anti-globalization warriors among us who have been on the front lines in the fight against the G8, WTO, World Bank, IMF, and other international evildoers, the average Josey doesn't get the chance to experience a spokespersons council. It was incredibly empowering; to me, it proved that the dominant paradigm of control-over must yield to the old-new ways of working-with.



Queeruption was definitely one of the most amazing weeks of my life, and I will continue to feel its reverberations for a long time. For me, it was up there with Burning Man in its sheer intensity and revolutionary potential. But like Burning Man, I sincerely hope that when we go all home, we carry that revolutionary fervour with us, and use it to transform the places we came from and the places we go to.

Emma Goldman may have said, «If I can't dance to it, it's not my revolution!» But at the same time, it's corollary is just as true, and demands to be shouted out loud: «If I can't revolt to it, it's not my party!» In other words, yeah, I'd love for you to spank me hard, while I'm going down on him... but I need to know that tomorrow morning, we're going to peel ourselves off of these sweaty sheets, and then hit the streets, and the cops and the corporations, too.

This is a staff-edited-down version of the original article: http://amoria.dvarim.com/queeruption/

FOUR EMOTIONS

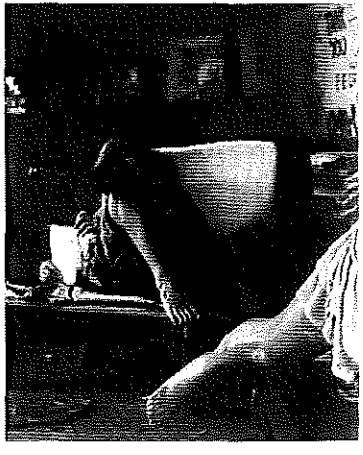
PAIN

July 2006

1. FRUSTRATION.

For more than a year I have been quite involved in the preparation of this Queeruption, mainly for two reasons: the city where it was going to be held and the (brave, nice, beloved, admirable) people who were organizing it. Little by little I became so involved in Spain with all this that I can say Q8 became the main issue of my activism. I have put a lot of time and energy and illusion in this project. That's why when the war begun I felt, besides indignation because of the war itself, a big frustration because it would affect the gathering. I had strange dreams at nights and bad intuitions during the day. I felt sad, angry, confused... Frustrated.

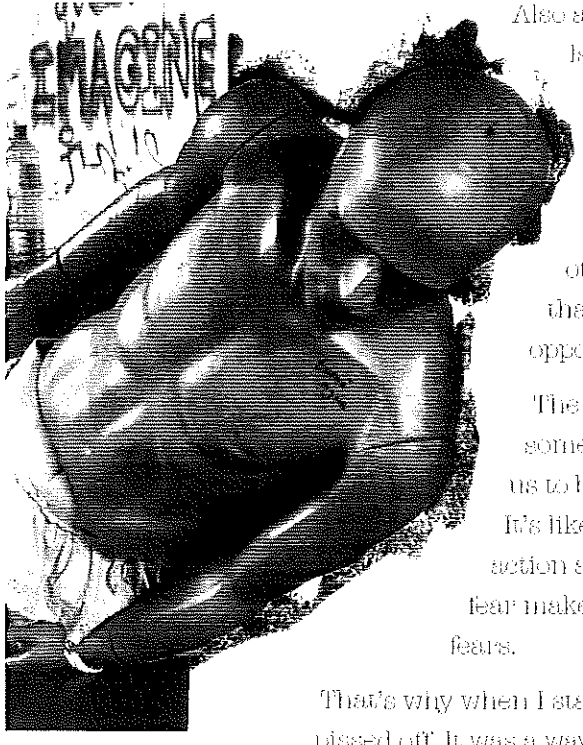
My first e-mails in the Queeruption mailing list after the beginning of the war were a kind of "hero-like exercise" making clear my opinion that now, more than ever, we all should go to Tel-Aviv. "O Comrades, attend the gathering!!! A las barricadas!! No pasaran!!!" It was a way to convince others but, above all, it was -it is- a way to convince myself.



I was sure I was going to Tel-Aviv. I was speaking too loud in the list as a way to force myself to go. Now, I am in Southern Turkey, just 7 hours to the Syrian border, on my way to Tel-Aviv through Syria , Jordan and Palestine . But doubts make me travel slowly.

In spite of my previous e-mails in the list, Haifa bombings made me start doubting seriously. The

following days I realized I was not the only one: I received 6 e-mails from friends I know who started to tell me they were thinking about pulling out or even being sure about they wouldn't go.



Also another person started doubting: Özgür, a Turkish boy from Istanbul with whom I am infatuated (and vice versa) for the last two weeks. But I'll leave this issue for the fourth emotion.

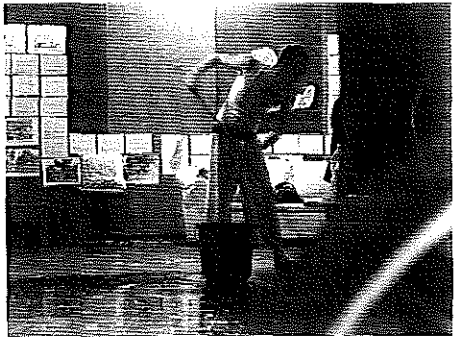
Everyone was pulling out...? It seemed so, but at least those who were deciding not to come didn't say it publicly in the mailing list. This seemed to me a way to avoid discouraging others. I found that attitude very responsible. I understood that the list was for encouraging people to come, not for the opposite.

The way we manage our fear is important, I think. I recognize I sometimes feel frightened. But I know fear is politics. They want us to be afraid. So we should juggle with our fear in a radical way. It's like building barricades. We make an obstacle to protect our action and our ideas. We know our fear is there but we don't let our fear make the decisions we have to make. It's up to us, not up to our fears.

That's why when I started reading in the list the 1st "pulling out" messages, I felt pissed off. It was a way to discourage others. I explain that in the following emotion: **enthusiasm**.

2. DISAPPOINTMENT.

feeling more and more angry and frustrated while I received those private e-mails from more and more people refusing to come.... and in that moment a girl sent a message to the mailing list announcing the same. I realize now she was brave enough to be the 1st one in expressing something many other people felt. But in that moment I felt angry about her wonderings about why we were supposed to do activism in the Middle East . Later another person asked a lot of skeptical questions in the list who really pissed me off... What was happening in the list? What was the use of sharing own's fear in such a way? We are activists! Our messages should say that in the case of a war our presence there is more important, they should point at the needs of those affected directly by the war; they should show how we lucky "1st world citizens" can make a difference supporting Palestinian, Israeli and Lebanese civil society by attending the gathering. Instead of talking about actions we could make or the need of opposing to the war; we were doing the enemy's job. That's what I felt.



I looked in the list for some messages starting political discussions, analyses, calls for real action... No. I only read e-mails about fear. About fucking fear. A fear the people who felt it didn't handle by themselves: a fear that they threw onto the list like a commotion bomb making all the others feel dizzy.

I didn't see the point of sharing fear in the list. Not in that selfish way, at list. We could talk about fear in another way, making clear our political struggle at the same time, making a balance... Sharing fear like that was useless and counterproductive. That's why I found a marvelous idea when Q9 organizers team proposed in the list that sending private messages was a better option.

I felt disappointed with queeruptioners. I felt I was not part of it anymore. It was so sad.

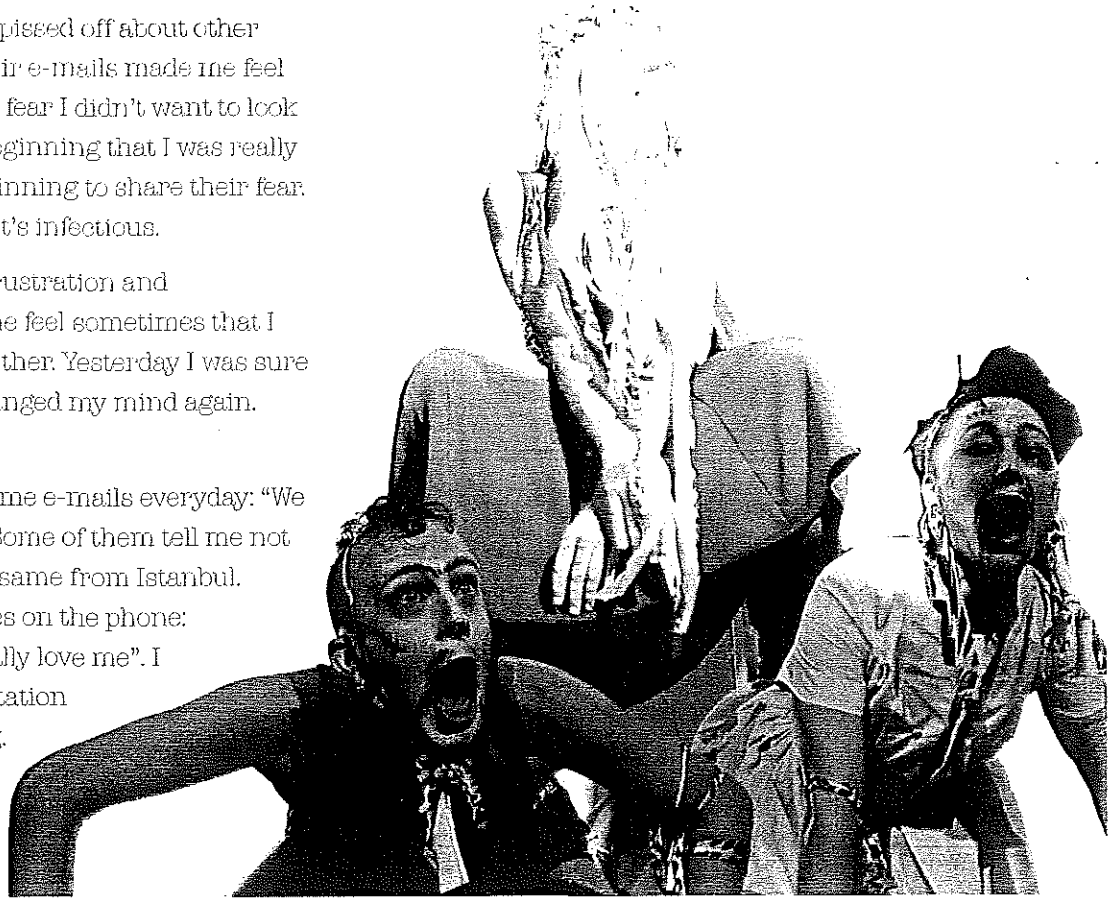
3. FEAR.

Until I realized: I was so pissed off about other people's fear because their e-mails made me feel deeper in my own fear. A fear I didn't want to look at. I didn't know at the beginning that I was really angry because I was beginning to share their fear. Fear is not only politics: it's infectious.

Fear, along with anger, frustration and disappointment, made me feel sometimes that I wouldn't go to Tel-Aviv either. Yesterday I was sure I wouldn't go. Today I changed my mind again. Tomorrow, who knows?

People from Spain send me e-mails everyday: "We are worried about you". Some of them tell me not to go. Özgür tells me the same from Istanbul. My mother begs and cries on the phone: "Don't go there if you really love me". I sometimes feel the temptation to reconsider everything.

Fear and doubt: the police and the army of the emotions.



4. LOVE.

I hadn't fallen in love for the last 7 years. I missed it. At the same time I thought I would never feel love again. Nor even infatuation. I really found easy to be skeptical about having feelings like love or infatuation again. I was vaccinated against love. I felt I was.

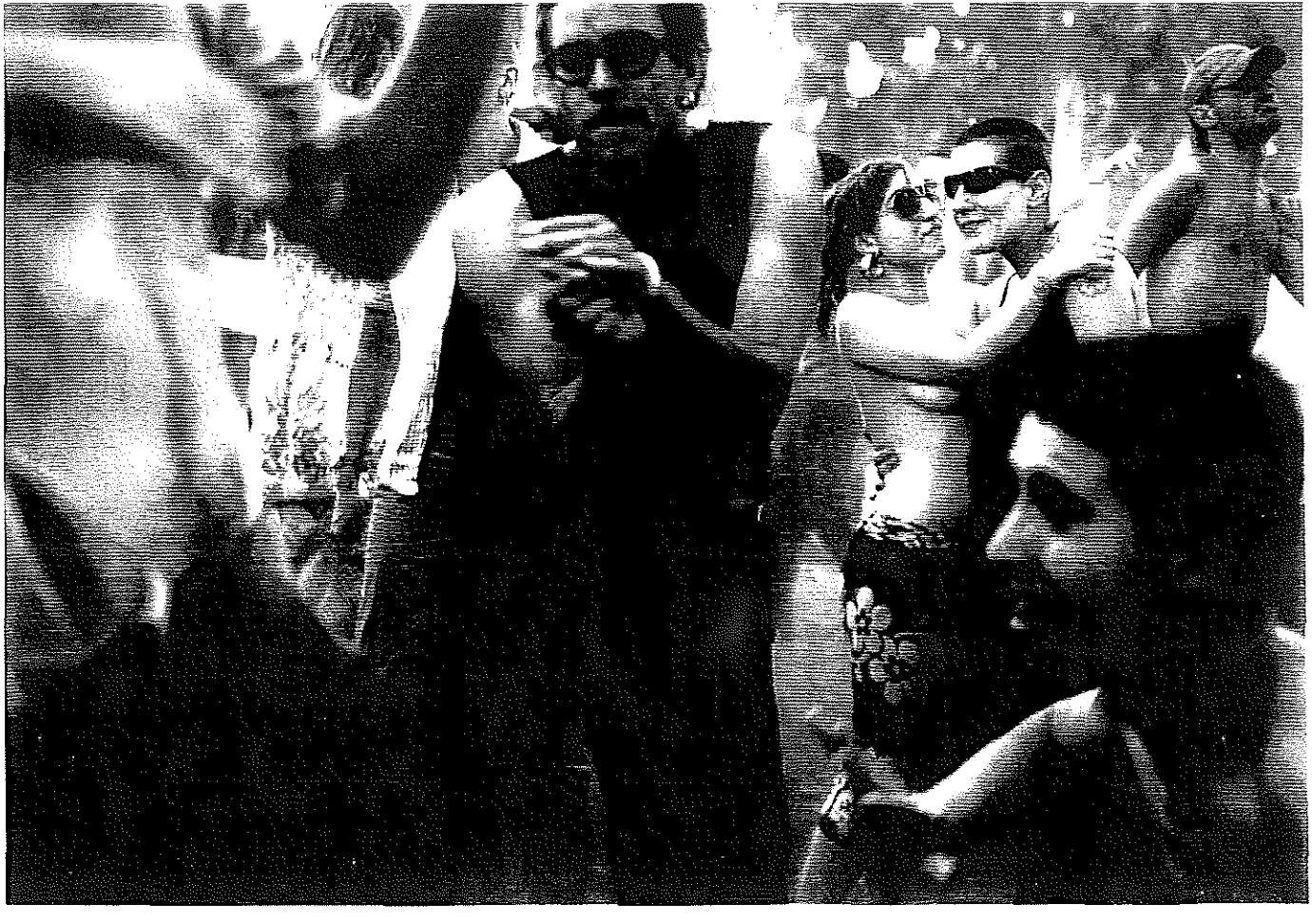
Meeting a marvelous boy in Istanbul and listening from him he felt the same about me was the most marvelous unexpected experience in this trip on my way to Tel-Aviv.

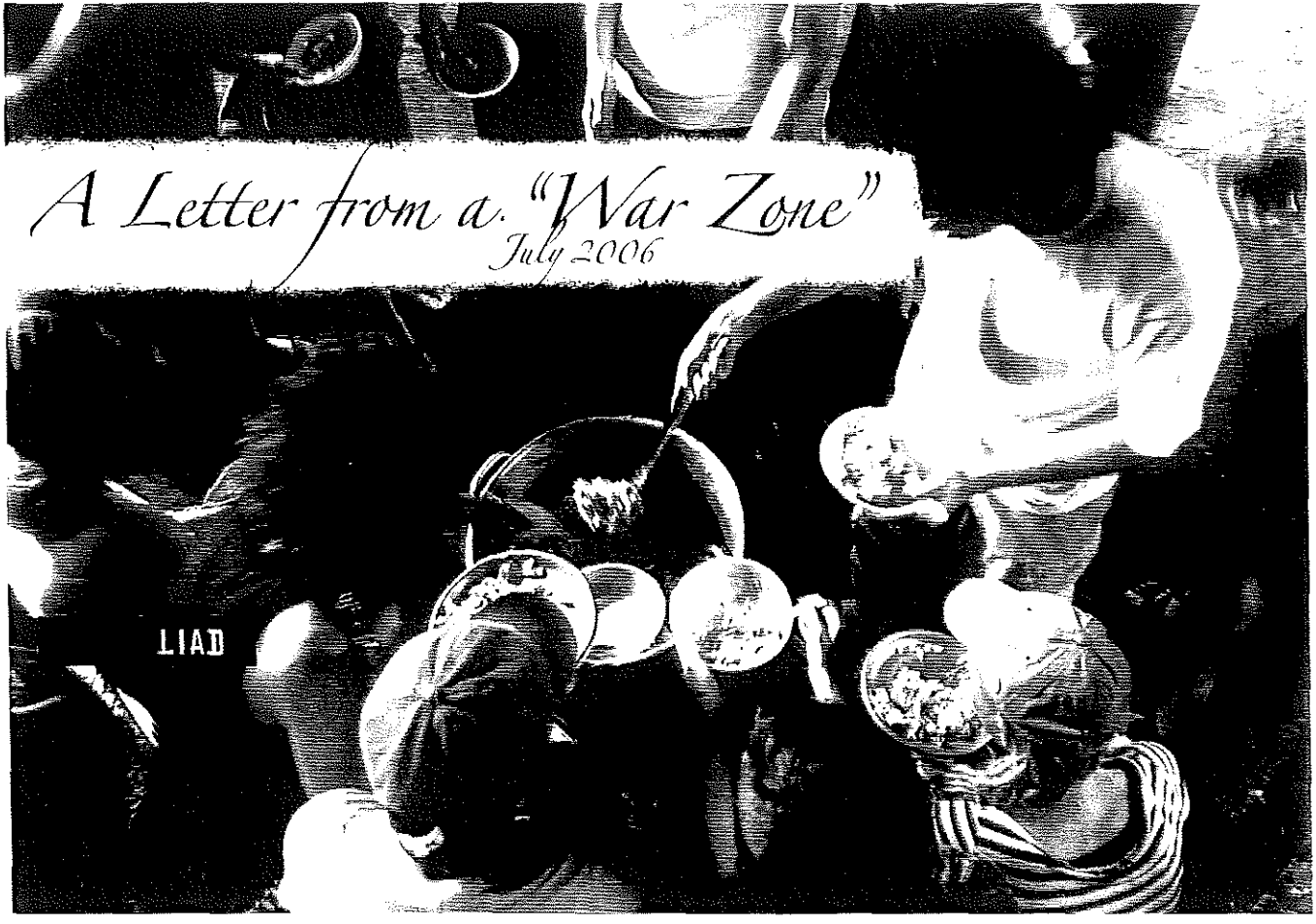
He was coming to Queeruption. He reserved a direct plane ticket from Istanbul . I said goodbye to him and started my travel on land. Our appointment was in Tel-Aviv the 3rd of August. We would meet again there.

I was so happy to meet him again in the Queeruption Tel-Aviv!!! I am crossing Turkey in direction to Syria and the further from Istanbul I am, the closer to him I am arriving. We have been speaking daily on the phone or sending e-mails and SMS to each other. We missed each other but we were going to meet soon in Tel-Aviv. But one day, after Haifa bombings, I realized he was changing his mind.

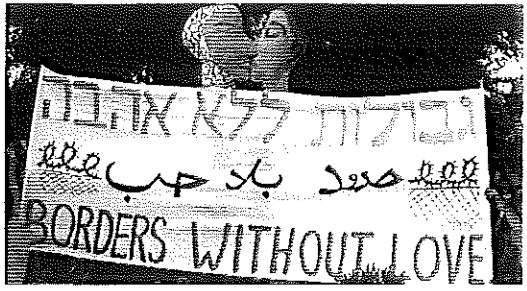
He's pulling out. He asks me to pull out with him. He tells me he wants me to pull out. My mother crying on the phone didn't succeed in making change my mind. Özgür was beginning to be successful. Lovers make you accept what mothers don't manage to make you accept. It's so unfair for mothers, don't you think?

There's an emotion stronger than fear, doubt, anger, frustration or disappointment. Even worse than army and police. The secret service of emotions. Love.




A Letter from a "War Zone"
July 2006
LIAD

Dear Queeruptors,



Yes there are bombs falling on this country. And they aren't in Tel-Aviv. Yet, I personally don't know anyone who lives up north or in Haifa where the missiles have landed, but my roommate does and she's constantly on the phone with her family who are sitting in bomb shelters.

Meanwhile in Tel-Aviv life looks normal when you look around, with some exceptions: everyone's TV's and radios are turned on all the time to get live updates and people talk all the time on the street about war. The discussion on the street is so pro-war, racist and violent that even when we chant anti war slogans at a demonstration that are as non-radical and simplified as "No to war, yes to peace", we get very very angry responses from the brainwashed masses who are convinced by the media and all sorts of high-ranking army generals that this war is necessary. On internet websites like "Gaydar", for instance, traffic is at peak rates. I guess war makes people horny, or is it the thought that soon they be enlisted in the army up north and won't have another opportunity to fuck.

As for me, I'm not scared, I'm depressed. Depressed over the complete ruins of Lebanon, over the rising death toll from a war that is so phallic and male-ego driven, over the disgusting dialogue that is prevalent in Israeli media and on the street that makes no room for expressing opposition to war, and is completely careless of anyone who dies who isn't Jewish or Israeli - for whom over the death of over a hundred people doesn't count if they're not Jewish. My need to scream against the war is rising.

But no, I'm not scared and neither is most anyone I know. The general feeling around me and my friends is that even if something happens in Tel-Aviv, no one is going to leave this city. No matter what will happen, I don't see Tel-Aviv being hit anything remotely like Beirut is, or having any real war-like situation happening here, and sorry, sitting in bomb shelters for a little while isn't quite war.

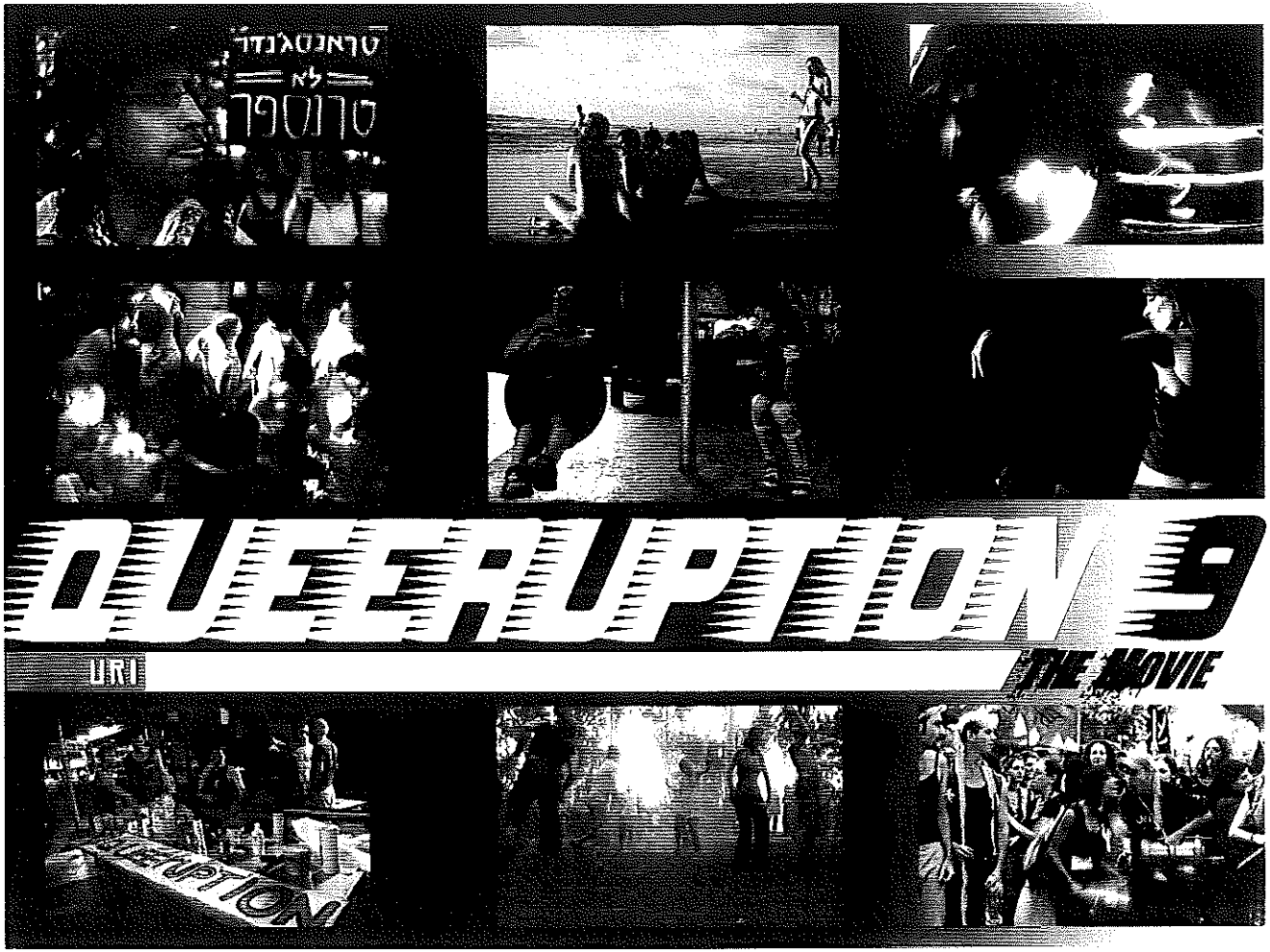
I guess that there are a few things that should be made clear about the Middle East: One is that disregard for planning for the future is common here (for example the idea of planning something like the Queeruption a year in advance) because you never fucking know what you'll wake up to the next morning that will ruin all of your plans. The second thing is that even under warlike conditions, siege, occupation, incursions, etc. people continue on living their lives. Whether it's road blocks or checkpoints or the apartheid wall in Palestine, people still go to school and work, even if it takes them three hours instead of half an hour. People in Israel will go to work and school the day after sitting in a bomb shelter. Life here continues. It's not pleasant, but it's a part of living in the Middle East. And no one is panicking over it either. For this reason, I like others in the Queeruption think that plans for the Queeruption will continue as usual.

We are not expecting a harsh or devastating war. At best nothing will happen here and at worst we will sit for a while in some bomb shelters. What will happen if the Queeruption will be cancelled? We will have paid a lot of money to rent a huge club that will sit empty and will have thrown a year's worth of planning and work away just so either nothing will happen or at worst, if something does happen, we'll be stranded each one in his or her home in front of the TV and bummed out that there is no Queeruption. Instead, if we hold the Queeruption we can unite our powers to have some fun together at a time we need it, to empower our queer community, and to use our collective presence to resist the war.

No one thinks it's dangerous enough not to live here, and we won't leave Tel-Aviv, and for this reason we all think it's safe enough to come here... A part of the idea to move the Queeruption from the safe harbor of Europe into the lands of the Middle East is to make it more political and attuned to what's happening in the sphere around. Unfortunately, I think that essentially this is life in the Middle East. People who will come here will both have an opportunity to feel it and to act against it, which is why coming here is important. And personally, a Queeruption live from the bomb shelter, as unlikely as that maybe, is an exciting thought to me.

Sending kisses of peace

Liad.


טרנסג'נדר
לא
טרנסף
QUEERUPTION
THE MOVIE
URI

Chosen scenes from a script of a documentary fiction

1. Abandoned factory in Barcelona. Day.

About a hundred young queers with various hairdos are sitting in a big circle on a factory floor. Beneath the door where the word "toxic" is sprayed, two are folding a poster: "Welcome to Queeruption Barcelona 2005".

Uri

I want to add to the agenda another subject: The location for the next Queeruption. [Pause]. I want to suggest having it in Israel - Palestine.

Facilitator

So there's a proposition here to hold the next Queeruption in Israel.

Uri

[Correcting] - Palestine.

Facilitator

Sorry, Palestine.

Uri

[Correcting again] - Israel-Palestine.

Facilitator

Whatever.

Queer 1

Is there a queer community over there that wants it at all?

Noa Sh.

We here are 3 Israelis who want it. We have to go back and suggest it and see.

Queer 2

But I heard activists aren't allowed to go into Israel.

Moshe

Next year a lot of GLBTs are supposed to come to Israel for the "World Pride" in Jerusalem, and we thought we could use the event to "insert" at the same time whoever wants to come.

Queer 3

But what about the boycott on Israel? How can you go and party in a country that uses apartheid methods?

Uri

According to that logic we also should have avoided holding the Queeruption in England and the US, who use methods of terrorism. In any case, it isn't going to be only a party. It's a gathering which will allow us to speak out against the occupation, Zionism and the apartheid.

Queer 4

If the Queeruption won't be in Palestine, and I'm not seeing it happening there, it ought to be in Israel and then it would be illegal for Palestinians to get to the Queeruption. I don't think it's legitimate to have Queeruption in a place that excludes whole populations.

Imad

I'm a Lebanese so I won't be able to come to a Queeruption in Israel. But if the next Queeruption will contribute to the struggle for the liberation of Palestine then I completely support it. I also hope that as many as possible will stay after the Queeruption in Palestine and learn a little bit more about the situation there and help with whatever they can. After all, it's time the Queeruption leaves the familiar and safe borders of the western countries.

2. Anarchist Info-shop in Tel-Aviv. Night.

Salon Mazal. Sound of talking in fast motion over background scenes of small numbered meetings held over several months. The tree seen from the place's door gives away the change of the seasons. Between the quickly changing frames are embroidered the next phrases:

Dana

What? so we'll do this every meeting? tell how are week was? Ok. I had a shitty week. I'm stuck with a gold fish at home and we don't know what to do with it.

...

Guy

There's a website but there's no logo. We need something that's both locally rooted and radical.

Dganit

You can put a picture of Eshtera. She's a Mesopotamian goddess, I mean Canaanite, and she's totally queer.

...

Yosi W.

So today we need to decide about the date and duration of the Queeruption. That means it's really going to happen. Are we ready for this?

...

Cheska

I don't want to say how this week's been for me!

...

Dana

The fish is dying.

...

Orr

I suggest we refuse. A documentary can be important and interesting but we should be making it and not some commercial production company.

...

Eilat

I have an idea for the logo which is both rooted and radical - [reveling a picture of the logo] - a radish with a Mohican!

...

Dana

We saved the fish. We found a big pot.

...

Cheska

[With an impatient look] Pass!

...

Yosi K.

I'm in grave doubt if anyone shows up at all. Why are we bothering at all?

Uri

[surprised] I got an E-mail yesterday from someone in Canada who wrote he'll come!

...

Dana

The fish is dead. Yesterday we buried it.

...

Cheska

I had a great week. I found the love of my life.

3. Various info-shops across Europe. Night.

An airplane takes off.

The next monologue is cut again and again, sometime in the middle of a sentence, and shows every time the different locations and different crowds. The scenes changes between: Paris (coffee shop basement), Berlin (well kept info shop), Hamburg (hall in a squat), London (small room in an info shop) and Brighton (on a wall-to-wall rug in a community center).

Uri

[excited, in broken English] Hi, my name is Uri, and a few days ago I arrived to Europe to tour for the Tel-Aviv Queeruption. About a year ago in Barcelona, the proposition to hold the next Queeruption in Israel-Palestine was accepted with enthusiasm. Amongst other things, I think it answered the need to strengthen the political side of the Queeruption.

Since then we've been meeting every week or two, 5 to 20 people and planning what might be the biggest anarchist event in the history of our region. On the way we discover ed things we didn't know, or weren't aware of. We're discovering talents and abilities. We're discovering supportive and creative community. Discovering we can produce an international event without commercial sponsorship and without help from this government, and all this despite the fact that none of us has any experience with such thing. I must say the process itself, preparing for the Queeruption, is empowering and fun for me.

I suggest we'll watch a movie we made about the queer scene in Israel now, and have some questions and discussion after.

The Queeruption movie is screened
[you can watch the full movie at:
www.queeruption.org/q2006/trailer]
Applause.

4. A big tent in south Palestie. night.

Winter. Adamama , an ecological farm near Gaza strip. Bonding weekend for the organizing team of the Queeruption. Circle of seven activists around burning candles in a big tent.

Uri

Let's close our eyes. Imagine it's summer. August in Tel-Aviv. It's time for the Queeruption. Try to imagine the place where it's happening. What colors do you see? What's painted on the walls? You're passing between the people participating in the event. Try to hear what are they speaking of? [pause]. Now slowly we'll get out of the guided imagination and open our eyes. You're welcome to tell and share some of the sights you saw.

Dganit

[in a dramatic voice] I'm afraid

to tell you what I saw. I don't want to tell you. [Silence] I saw war. I saw lots of wounded and dead people. I don't want to tell you what's going to happen here this summer. A lot of blood. I'm serious. Maybe it's irresponsible to invite people here?

[Silence. Distant booming noises are heard from neighboring Gaza].

5. Anarchist Info-shop in Tel-Aviv. Night.

Summer 2006. Headline of a paper laying in the trash: "for the first time: rockets on Haifa. The Hezbollah threatens: next target - Tel-Aviv".

Liad

I want to add to the agenda the topic: "cancellation of Queeruption". We should ask ourselves in which conditions do we decide it's irresponsible of us to bring people here and just cancel the whole thing.

Orr

Anyway, according to the rent contract we already paid for the venue.

Liad

But it's not something we can expect from those coming from abroad. They won't come here to sit with us in the shelter. They're not used to this kind of crazy reality. You've read the E-mails from abroad. People are canceling. People are afraid.

Orr

In the worst case if rockets will fly over Tel-Aviv we'll all gather here and be afraid together.

6. The "Shchitut (corruption) Club". Morning.

First floor. Few dozens queers in a circle on the floor. A group of French people across them.

Luca

…And the thing the French do best is to kiss. [French kisses all across the room. Applause.]

Rom

[recovering from a surprising kiss] Douze points to the French! [writing on the board - 12] Where are the Germans? [Pause] Germans? [searching looks all around]. I

understand the Germans decided to avoid their responsibility.

Rom approaches the board and writes "- 6,000,000". The crowd laughs.

7. Clip

The Shchitut club. Day. Neon light.
Liora and Moshe dressed up in costumes, sitting in a circle and reading "You and me and the next war" - a poem of Hanoch Levin. Very quickly only the sound of the reading of the poem is left, and the next scenes change over the sound of the poem.

Jaffa. The Beach. Night.
50 naked bodies in the water. Waves carrying them up and down. The sound of waves and wind is broken by helicopters noise. Above the naked bodies pass five battle helicopters on their way north.

King George street. Friday noon.
Demonstration against the war. Queers dressed in white with red color stains are lying on the sidewalk. A taxi driver yells at them: "You're all faggots! Sucking on Nassralah".

Tour in the occupied territories. Day.
A bus with Queers and a sticker by the driver: "God bless our group". One is photographing with a digital camera out the window. A clip of stills photos of: a demolished house, a blossoming illegal settlement, a check point, a wall.

Rabin Square. Evening.
A big demonstration against the war. The camera focus on a dominate black-pink mass amongst the demonstrators who yells "I'm getting out of the closet - The Israeli Army - get out of Lebanon!".

The Shchitut club. Day.
A preparation workshop for the occupied territories. Yosi K. and Liad are scaring and calming.

A Palestinian village in the west bank. Day.
Bil'in. Blazing noon time. Few dozens queers in a big demonstration against the wall. [The full scene available at: www.mishtara.org/blog/?p=70]

Room in Shenkin street 32. Twilight.
Close up on a mobile phone. Texts message: "Lymor is out of surgery. Still not clear if he'll be able to see or speak". The hand holding the mobile is starting to shake and crying is heard.

Queerhana party in nature. Night.
Stomping feet raise dust to the air. Ishai wearing Drag. Liora the host sends health

wishes to Lymor. The sunrise's light descounds on the dancing people.

8. The Shchitut club. Night.

Party lights and noises. About a hundred dancers on the dance floor. The music stop. Antoine in a pink jumpsuit walks on to the stage.

Antoine

Can I say few serious things? [the noise of the crowd continues] well, never mind… [the crowd calms down] Maybe I can. After more then a week in this place I wanted to thank the group who organized this event. You did an amazing job and the receptiveness and acceptance with which we have been welcomed here is a rare thing. So I just wanted to say thanks.

9. The beach. Day.

Party in Tel Baruch beach. The sound of waves and music in the background. Pita bread with humus and barbecued vegan skewers. Occasional nudity. Dancing. Uri and Sophie go aside, take off their clothes, close their eyes and have an hallucination together:

Dissolve to Brighton beach. Sophie and Uri. Winter.

Sophie

[In the water] Don't be a coward! Come in!! The water here is always this temperature.

Uri

Ahhhhh! [coming in]

[They squirt water at each other]

Dissolve back to the Mediterranean seashore. Sophie and Uri. Summer.

Uri

Don't be a coward! There are no rocks here…

[Sophie jumps and swims]

Sophie

So how was the Queeruption for you? I mean personally. Because one thing is the Queeruption. If it succeeded, and another thing is how it went for you, as Uri.

Uri

You know, in the last few months when people ask how I'm doing I don't have a lot to tell other then how the Queeruption is doing, so it's a bit hard for me to separate it. Never the less, I can say the personal is made up of several levels.

For example, on the sex level, this Queeruption is a big disappointment for me. A total failure. For the first few days I didn't feel sexy and not horny. I was too busy for sex but I knew I'll get my share at the sex party. That's the official time in the schedule for sex and I didn't organize it so I could relax and lay off my responsibility. That day at noon, I came home from the club to shower for the party. To my astonishment I found crabs. Very not sexy. I shaved the pubic hair and felt even more not sexy. In the sex party I did three shifts as the facilitator who guards the party. I came home and masturbated alone.

Sophie

And how does it feel?

Uri

To be honest, not so bad. The amount of physical touch I received in the last two weeks made up for the deprivation. The biggest thing I missed out on this Queeruption was the number of people who were here and I missed. With those I already knew I didn't find the time to deepen the acquaintance, and with those who I wanted to get to know I stayed in the situation of wanting to. I really regret it because I had a feeling that the prettiest and smartest and cutest and most radical people in the world gathered here. I hope they'll all come to the next Queeruption.

10. The beach. Sunset.

Antoine puts an ecstasy pill in Uri's mouth. They dance and look at pictures from the Queeruption screened in a laptop. They smile. Their eyes sparkle. Suddenly Uri rises about a meter and a half above the floor.

Uri

[In a shocked face] It's coming up! I feel it's coming up! What great stuff…

The camera goes down and shows David carrying him on his shoulders. The friends around sing "Happy birthday to you…". Snowy brings a vegan chocolate cake. Uri and Snowy are kissing. Uri and Philip are kissing. Uri and Noa K. are kissing. Uri meets Antoine.

Antoine

Oy, don't you come to me after you've kissed everyone! Ya'Sharmuta!

Uri and Sophie are kissing. Antoine joins for a third-way kiss. Uri goes aside with Lene.

Uri

[With sparkling eyes and wide pupils] We'll win. We are winning. It's not just a "temporary autonomous zone". Our love really is stronger then their hate. It's so wonderful to us, there's no way others will continue to suffer, to be isolated. They will see how wonderful it is to us and be convinced. [Lene smiles]

11. The beach. Night.

Still on the beach. There's no music anymore. A group sits on a sheet and sings the "Reut (brotherhood) song". The song ends and the group gets up and start to disband.

Tamara

What about you?

Uri

I'm going to sleep over at my parents who live near here.

Tamara

You're sure you'll make it?

Uri

Sure, I'm fine. [Tamara gives him a joint and they part].

The camera rises to eagle eye view. Uri walks away from the beach. Walking alone. Close up on his feet in sandals stepping on a used condom. He looks up to the sky. Smiles.

12. Park, bourgeois neighborhood. Late night.

Uri puts his feet in a fountain and lights up a joint. Huffs and puffs.

Uri [Only voice over]

So it's true I didn't get sex, and there wasn't enough time, and workshops got cancelled, and the space was too small and without showers, and there was no squat at all, and the kitchen away far away and it was an ecological disaster of air conditioners, flights and plastic cups altogether… but it was an event and a time that changed my life. I'm grateful for that and for the right, or privilege, to be a part of a community that is beyond all the laws and norms and borders and identities I know.

The bud of the joint is thrown into the fountain. He gets up and walks towards a building. Goes up the elevator.

13. A bourgeois house. Late at night.

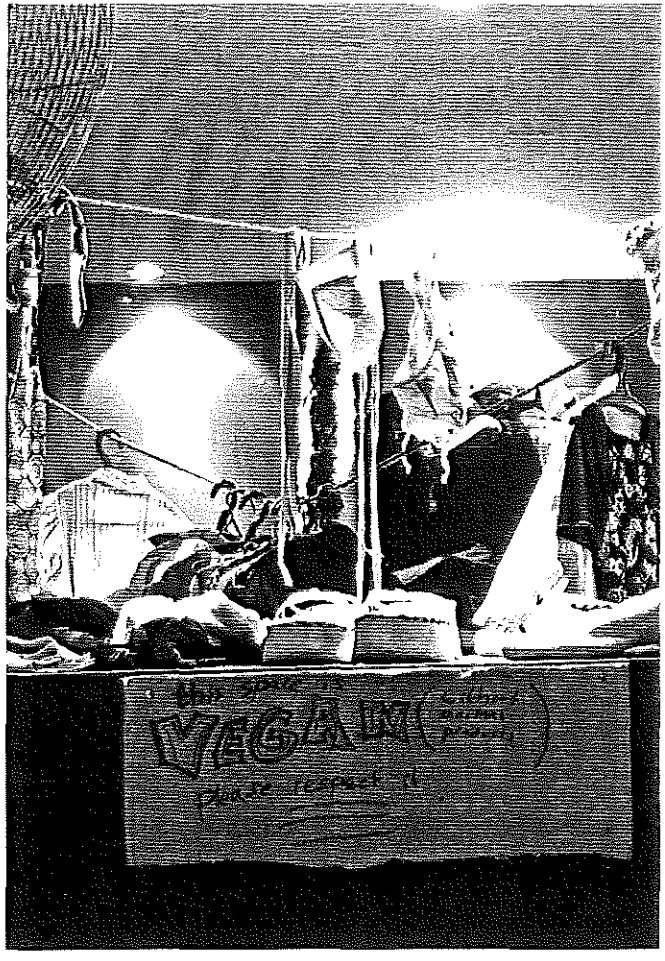
Uri walks into the bathroom. Looks at the mirror. Grow pale. Sits on the floor and throws up into the toilet.

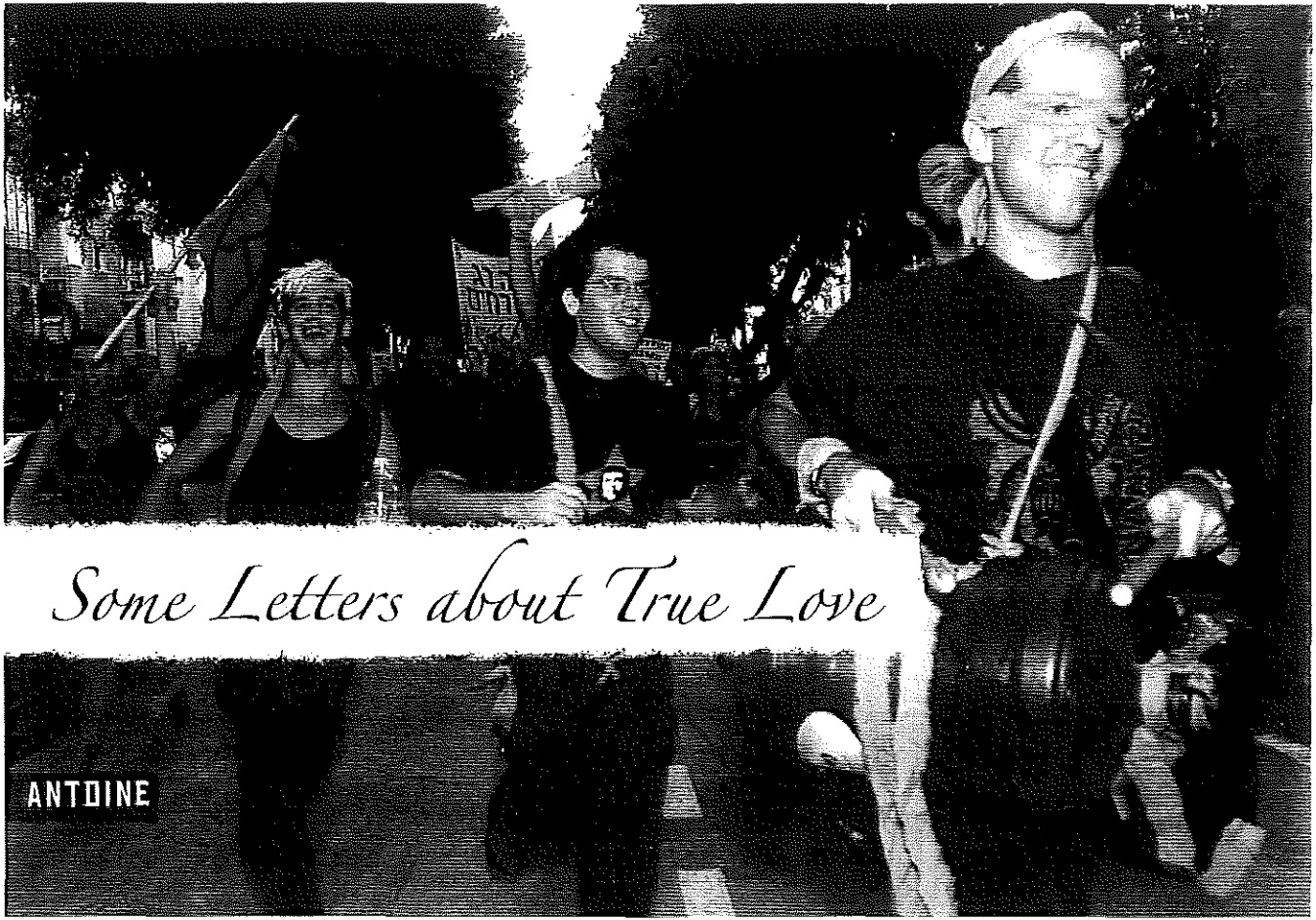
Uri [Only voice over]

And ironically, this is what I was thinking of while I'm throwing up and choking in my parents house [close up to his reddening face]: that the fact that there is or will be someone to witness this embarrassing moment except me - is a comfort. That a witness in Hebrew also mean community. That I'm not alone. That I'll never be alone.

The screen goes dark. Sound of a toilet flushing.

- The End -




Some Letters about True Love
ANTOINE

Shalom,

First of all, thank you for all the support and the web-presence, it's important here.

I won't write individual emails for the moment but I'm thinking of each one of you and I love you all.

Second day under torrid heat of a Middle East, which will spare none of us its cancer… life seems to spare Tel Aviv. I just slide along in this bubble trying to remember that the war does exist. Blue and white flags flourish here as the bombings intensify far away.

Last night we had a vegan meal during which a lot of Israeli queers were finally introduced to us - since we are some 15 internationals here at Uri and Yossi's.

Today, I felt I've reached another stage in my sense of the situation. We went on a protest against the war in the streets of Tel Aviv. Some of us, wearing white T-shirts, spilt red paint on ourselves, with banners condemning the war and a speech planned a few streets later… up to this point - a peaceful action. Then - during the speech - curses and threats, I don't understand any of the words passers-by yell, but I recognize a wild hatred, clearly visible from those who defend the war. Men, women, young and old insulting us and threatening to do worse.

Then came the homophobic insults. There's no longer any need to speak Hebrew to understand that we suddenly represent the worst thing for Israel - deviants who oppose the war. This lasted for more than an hour during which only the police and the army prevented those people from crashing on top of us, from tearing our banners etc… An incredible attitude of violence aimed against those who denounce it. I felt no fear, just an overwhelming feeling of oppression and misconception.

My impressions of the subject are numerous, and it is hard to say any more for now, simply that it remains just incredibly strong to be here, in the fight, accompanying each and every one here in their fight.

Lene films with my camera; I take photographs of these women and men who yell, who do not understand. But in all that - I see so many smiles, hugs and kisses for support, because we love each other and because without that, it would become impossible…

And sometimes, we just breathe and drink fresh water and nothing seems better…

I hug all of you

Antoine - AKA 'Riko.

I believe it's been three days since my last contribution, so I'll sit down for a few minutes.

Since our first protest, we have participated in a large demonstration against the war, which has assembled more than 1500 people. This - when compared to the largely hostile attitude we received previously - was rather reassuring.

We ended this calm protest with a very delicious vegan burger, and discovered the mainstream gay places in the city.

It's really a powerful feeling being here - being able to hang out with people that I know for such a short time, but because we share such intense moments, it's as if we really know each other. I really feel we share a connection. Although it is doubtless strengthened by the war conditions, I still feel the consideration each one has towards the others is amazing.

I believe Tel Aviv is a complete schizoid city. From the beach we see the war choppers leaving on a crusade against the side of god, and despite that we can't help finding it a magnificent sight.

Well, that's it. I think I'm a bit confused. But here that's part of it - a constant intensity of emotion alongside marvelous people.

Well, we spent two days at the location where the Queeruption will be. A club with two fresh big floors… There are already a lot of us that sleep here. It seems a bit as if we already started. Mainly because of the shared meals (just tons of perfect vegetables, quasi-fresh bread and even some flowers). The market here is open every day and it is really quite apparent that in this town one can stay well fed for absolutely nothing while eating more-than-decent food.

It's really exiting seeing queers arriving from all over the world, being joined by Israelis, and soon by Palestinians as well… Well, the Israelis are quite beautiful and very welcoming… Luca has arrived from England this morning, which is nice. More than nice…

How can I convey that I feel good here? These people, this love, this struggle, this creativity, this collective force, this intensity and also - this fear. Some nights I just walk around and think about all that is happening - the horrors of the world, the joys of the world, the desire, corps and death, the burning, the blood, and saliva and fruits. The hashish, the sea, the sand and the laughs. The tears, the rejections and the cause. The noise, the noise and the war and the neglect.

Sometimes I stop drearily under a lamp-post, just watching these lives passing by.

Kisses to all

Riko - AKA Antoine.

It isn't easy finding time to write these posts

ever since Queeruption really started…

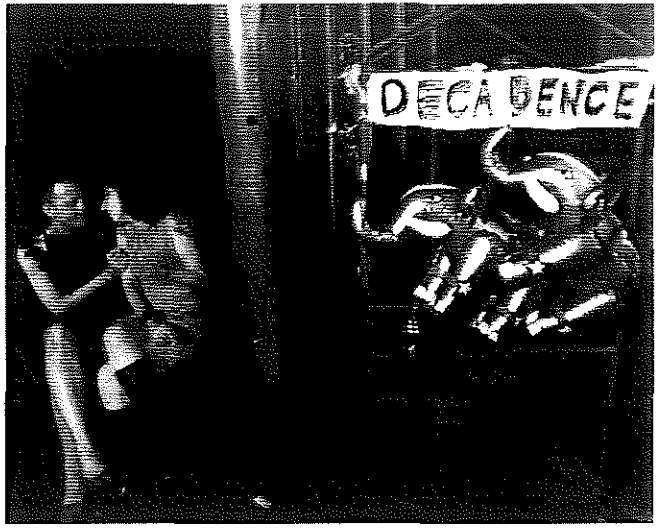
With all the workshops, the collective cooking, informal discussions, and other chores it isn't easy to disappear for a few minutes to write down my thoughts.

I'm going through a lot of different experiences and I have a hard time organizing my memories, so let's just talk about what really stands out in my mind.

In the eve of the launch of Queeruption, Lilith, a queer pagan Wicca, Tal, Lene, Luca and I went to Jerusalem. Buying magic herbs and other necessities for a potion for the sex party, followed by a tour to the beautiful Jerusalem markets, nothing indicating that we are in the city of a thousand torments, the city of a thousand disasters… it's just a real city, maintained and all.

Naturally we try to enter the old sanctum of the city, but at first we are refused access.

Anyway, we enter the old city, the city as it is seen in postcards, blue sky, golden sky and domes, my breath slows as we enter the Saint Speculchre Church, tomb of the famous Jesus - the internationally known asshole. Because of religious sanctions I rarely have to endure, I cover my shoulders while Gregorian chants resonate in the background. Jesus died and recovered here? It all suddenly feels like a farce, and yet it seems to be true. I am silent



in the face of this piece of my history, one whose stories cradled me since youth. I'm not really a believer, but still I feel something immensely strong. Intense. I flee this place with the others.

Back to Tel-Aviv and Queeruption starts. There are a lot of us, maybe a hundred, reunited at the club. Around us the collective living is starting to organize, and I feel out of place. After a week of actions, protests, demonstrations, I have to find my place again, to understand what we are doing here. So I go

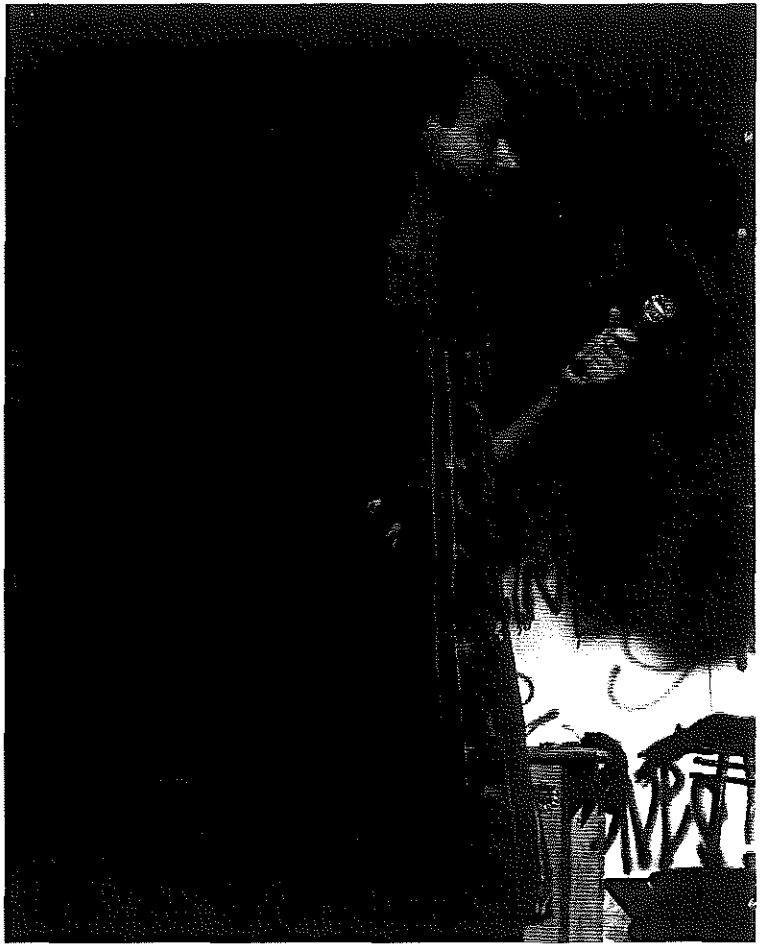
cook - kilos and kilos of rice and delicious lentils. Those enormous pans are hot as hell. I leave on my bike in search of knives, get a bit lost, and find myself appreciating these unexpected moments of solitude.

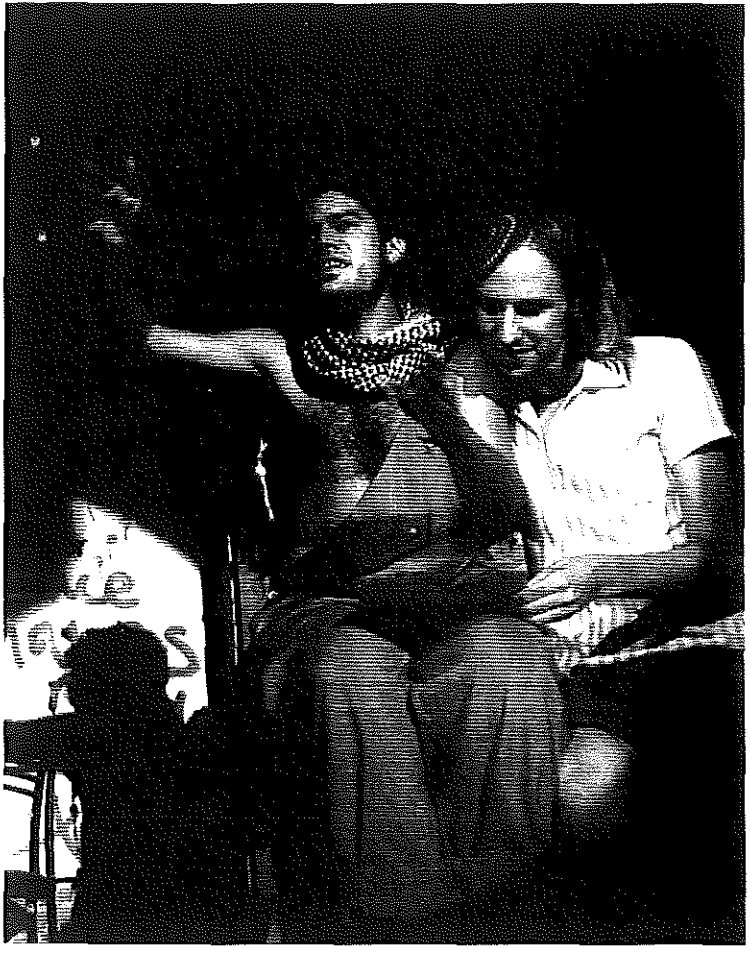
There's a tour of Jaffa. I prefer to stay on site, and some of us try to read our future in coffee residue.

I meet Levinsky, a guy unlike any other, independent and energetic. He is funny and smiles all the time. We go smoke some joints in the unique squat of Israel - an enormous building in the heart of Florentin. They all speak Hebrew and smoke bangs. To gather free food they take turns helping out at a hummus restaurant. They come back with substantial loot. Stealing while working turns out to be quite an efficient system.

This weekend should be a Palestinian weekend and some of them will come to us, illegally, to talk, trade, explain how they live, their routine. Security is at a maximum. Confidentiality is essential for this event. These people risk their lives coming here. Prison from Israel, or assassination by homophobes/lesbophobes in Palestine.

Yesterday I realized that I'd be back in France in two weeks. I started to believe my entire life was spent at this bloody junction, the result of the elasticity of time





in intense conditions where weeks appear as years. I like the resistance I meet, and the sharing, and I am often touched. The sun of the Middle East is now partly my sun. We hold each other tight; we give each other a lot of love. I'm sad, and I also smile all the time. Life here is just incredible.

I think of you softly.

Antoine - AKA Riko

What day is it today?

It seems time has lost all meaning here…

I write you. I write a thought for each of you. I believe that here feelings and emotions are multiplied, and it's a bit hard…

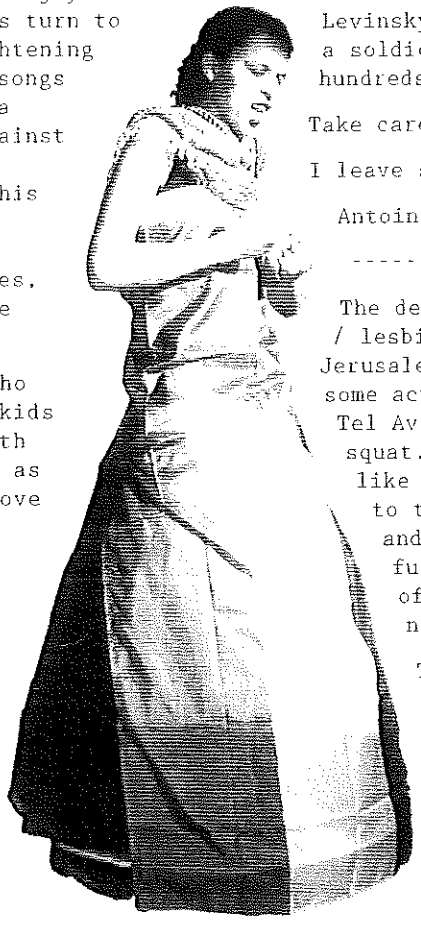
There is this boy, Levinsky, whom I worship already like a human Buddha. I have to tell you about it because it already hurts… I have to fight this obsession, which hides between my heart and my gut. People are dying by the hundreds around us and yet my soul is leaning on his magnificent aura.

Last night - drag king shows. I moderated the evening wearing pink overalls. The crowd laughs, yells and applauds as the acts follow each other. We think of the courage of the men of stage - FtoM-s of overflowing presence. We share, because it's war, destruction. So

all we have left is to embrace the joy that no one can take from us. All eyes turn to rest on Rafat, Man-Woman of frightening eyes, Revolutionary Palestinian songs on playback, with only a flag of a bruised country as protection against his pain, his sadness. There are dozen of us - bodies locked on this intense image. Fists are raised - Palestine, fight, love, why? Surrealist incarnations of battles, of an occupation of kind. Of life and death.

I talk briefly with L', a MtoF who spends her days taking care of kids in the bomb shelters in the north of Israel. They play, it seems, as the siren starts. Slowly they move into the concrete shelter where they sing, as to avoid hearing the impacts, the carvings, the booms. Echoes of a blind war, glorified by the papers as the salvation from intolerable terrorism.

Sometimes I think of my return to Europe as abandon, an act of cowardice, unforgivable. I care deeply for the suffering of men and women with no future in sight, their flights, and



their trials. And then I laugh. I see hope. Levinsky was once again partly blinded by a soldier's rubber bullet while part of hundreds who say "NO" to this terror.

Take care.

I leave some of my life with you

Antoine/Riko

The demonstration in Jerusalem for gay / lesbians / trans rights. Some went to Jerusalem the previous day to take part of some activities, I preferred to stay at Tel Aviv So I could see a movie at the squat. The huge building was arranged like a school class with parts open to the street. Kids, elderly, punks and others attended the screening. A funny mix for an Israeli cult movie of which I understood absolutely nothing.

Then, I wanted to get back to the center of Tel Aviv and meet Jo, Oren, Moshe, Orr and others. In two weeks south Tel-Aviv turned into a warm place where I feel as if at home. I get the feeling I belong, as streets appear as familiar as friends. I've come to trust this city. I ride its

clogged up roads with my bike, avoiding the angry taxis and finding my favorite hummus place…

The day after the Jerusalem demonstration - we went to protest against the wall in Bilin. After a very somber tour of the village, where we met and talked to some of the Palestinians living there and heard what they are going through, we started to go towards the wall itself. In the background, a little further in the village, we hear a marriage ceremony being prepared.

We went along a small road. We knew the army knows how to be brutal - soundbombs, tear gas, plastic bullets… We just started on our way - still far from the wall - when those "harmless" bombs exploded. They made a terrible noise. We retreated, some others advanced. It's like a war. We hide, jump to the lower rims… and then comes a hail of rubber bullets. Rubber bullets that can kill. I see people coming back from the front with blood all over. We try not to run. And then Lymor… We know he was hit in the head, but the army refuses to evacuate him. More blood, more noise. I hear these bullets whistling around me - these bullets that should not be fired from less than fifty meters, but they are only ten meters away. These kids in khaki, armed to the teeth… Then some Palestinians start throwing rocks, and I am between them and the soldiers. What can I do… After thirty minutes of fighting, it's over. Lymor has a bullet in his head. We need to wait 24 hours to know if he'll live.

I've never experienced anything like that. Such disproportionate violence.

We return to the village, without even reaching the wall. We congratulate the newlyweds. Life goes on…

Queeruption has ended. I still have a few more days here, and I'm full of feelings I can't really name. It's intense, it's dramatic. The war might be over. I feel sad I'm leaving this life, these people, these loves. The illusion of regulating the conflict seems incredible to me, and only serves to increase my will to fight.

I could never hug all of you enough. All of those I've laughed with, all those I've cried with, all those I made love to…

I have changed. There is no doubt about it.

Kisses

Antoine



YOSSI W.

You Can Call Me Gay

The most wonderful thing that happened in that demonstration in Jerusalem was the way we dealt with the police violence: without much talk, without confusion, people simply cooperated with each other, helped each other and responded in a professional way that stopped the violence and kept the protest strong and well.

At this point, the protest was also clearly against homophobia – simply linked to other topics, especially the occupation and the war in Lebanon. I only feel sorry that it wasn't like that before. The slogans and signs with which we started the demonstration did not "link" the struggle agaisnt homophobia to other struggles. The rage for the oppression of the lesbian, transgender, gay and bisexual community was rather elusively present. It was silenced more than it was present.

I fear that some of us experience so much oppression from the mainstream gay community, or that this community creates so much estrangement and distance in us, that it is hard for us to identify with it and with the oppression that members of it experience. Sometimes I feel hostility to anything that is gay in a queer environment. Queerness is liberating: it enables us to deviate from social boundaries and categories. But queerness can also be oppressive. A thing which erases my identity as gay, and much the same can erase the identities of lesbians,

transsexuals or bisexuals. Whether we like it or not, lesbians, gays, bisexuals and transgenders are a community and an identity group. Not because we choose to, but because we are oppressed as (a) group(s). Much like migrant workers form a community not because they choose to or because they have a common ideology. We have a common life experience, a common fate, a common reality.

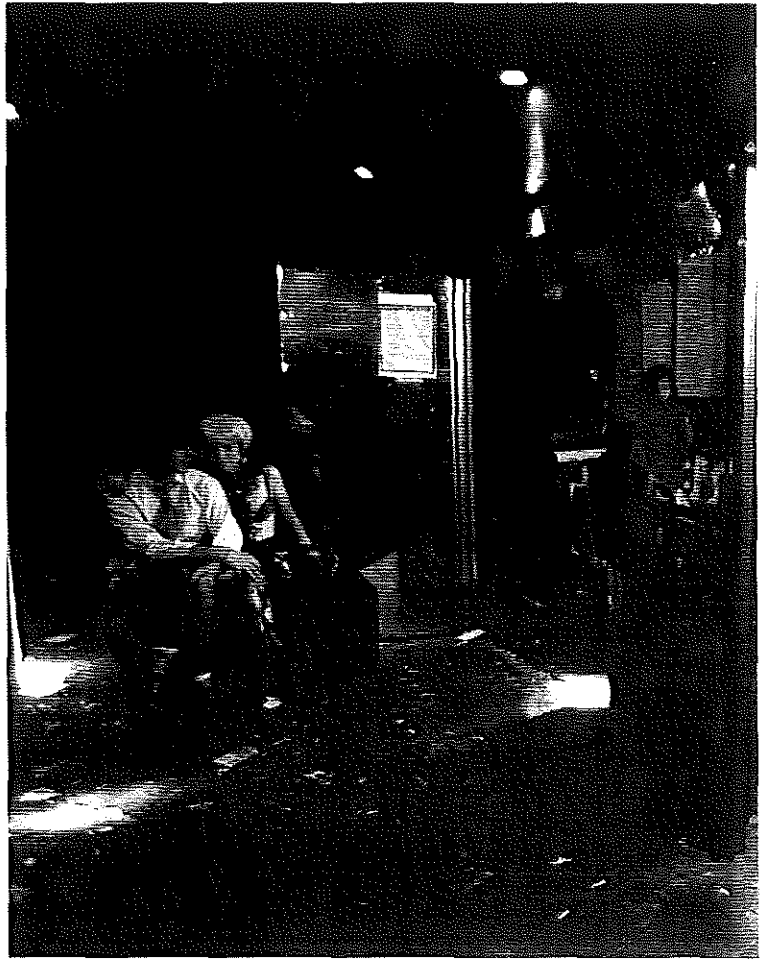
The sort of estrangement linked with being an ass fucker in a world of heterosexual erotic imagery; the sort of humiliation linked with being called "homo" at in the street; the concealment of sexual feelings from yourself, your family and your surroundings; the homophobic persecution which takes form and changes shape even in the most liberal places. The moving from masculine to feminine grammatical form – not as a game but as a painful matter. And also different foundational experiences – like the garden, the bar, the gaydar, the surprising discoveries about friends whom you-never-would-have-thought, the strange feeling of returning home when you enter a gay enclave somewhere in the world – but here comes the familiar sight, and the camp gestures, and the out right gossip, and the rehearsing guys and that same worn out ABBA song, and a drag queer comes on to the stage... A heterosexual, as queer as may be, has never lived through these experiences. And when the queerness confronts with gayness, I feel like a Palestinian demanded to strip from his nationality and be nothing but a "workers class" or a "peace movement".

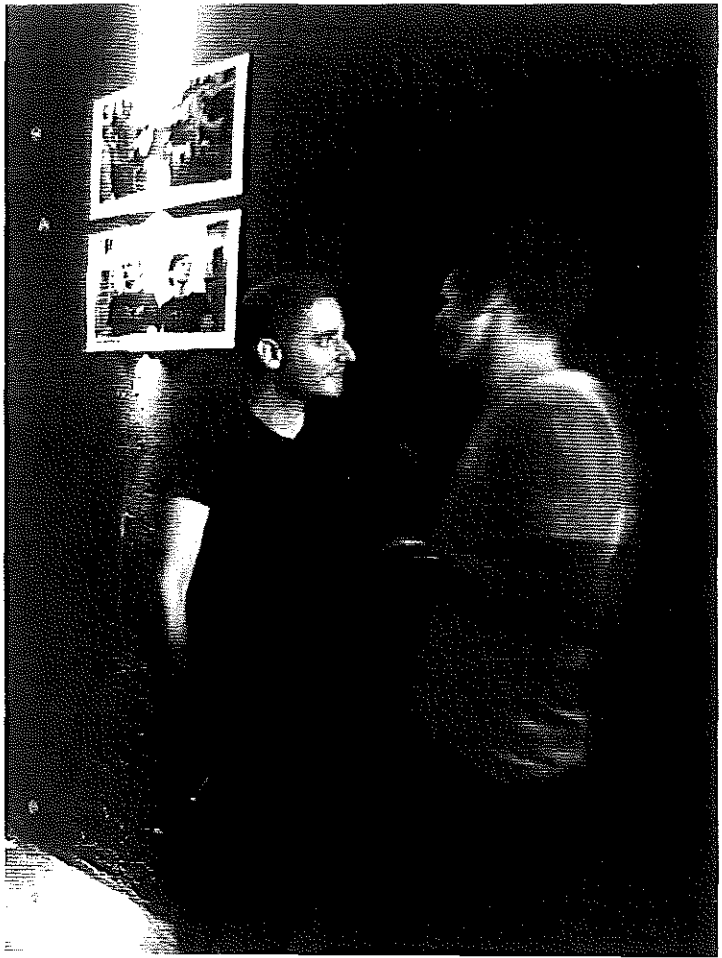
The soldiers that come to Shushan are my brothers. They might have the blood of Lebanese children on their hands. They might have the muscle tissue of slaughtered chicks between their teeth. It might be that between one erotic dream and the other, they dream of running a human resources company. And yet they're still my brothers. Because they're ass fuckers. It can't be helped, as a gay person, this is one of the criteria for choosing my friends. And even if I don't exactly love every one of them, they will still receive from me all the solidarity in the world. I came to Jerusalem to fight alongside with them, just as in the next demonstration I will come to fight alongside the patriarchal homophobic fundamentalist meat eaters, who kill in the name of "family honor" from Hebron. I hoped that the other people who came to the demonstration also came to express their solidarity with me and the community I live in.

But what was shown in the demonstration was not solidarity or a link between messages. It was something which never would have happened in a demonstration for animal rights (even though that's also linked to the war) or against trade of women (even though that's also linked) or against the Wisconsin plan (even though that also linked). Worse than that, it turns out

that there were people there who dared to assault the other demonstrators from the LGBT community, and not only by calling out "fascists", but also by spitting. Another thing which never would have happened to a meat eater or a capitalist in a demonstration against the war.

We pride ourselves in our resistance to homophobia, but perhaps the homophobia attained new, queer qualities in our community. Sometimes it seems as though we have no real solidarity with the victims of homophobia. Sometimes, like Christian missionaries or advocates of Jewish unity, we embrace a holier-than-thou attitude to show the infidels the way to redemption: be queer and discover Jesus. In certain moments, we give solidarity to gays only if they're also anarchist. But because we're queer ourselves, and because it seems so obvious to us that we oppose homophobia, we're allowed to participate in the bourgeois gays' demonstration and do whatever we feel like. Much the same, when we participate in a demonstration against the war as a Pink-Black Block, our "pink" is so obvious to us, and therefore also without thought, that it finds expression in little else other than pink ribbons and a general atmosphere of liberation. We have no saying that could relate to the bisexual, transgender, gay and lesbian community, that would be empowering to this community or to the oppressed community members hiding in the crowd





around us, or that would defy the homophobia of other people in the demonstration.

I do not want to cast blame. The people in the Pink-Black Block are my brothers no less than the ones in Shushan, or rather, a million times more so. I am proud of these people for their wisdom, their strength, their sacrifice and their devotion, for their friendship, for their great love. There are people among them with whom I'd like to share my life forever – wise, sensitive, beautiful, political, vegan, sexy. These are the people who give me comfort at times of despair. And with all this in mind, I still need to ask: where did we go wrong?

I don't know, after all these things I feel like being a little less queer and a little more gay. I feel like drinking herbal tea and wild beer with my lesbian friends. I feel like fantasizing about my transgender friends. I feel like staring at the club boys at Shushan and swoon. I feel like talking to my LGBT friends, the ones on bad terms with the gay scene, about how to fight against the fetishism and commercialism inside the scene, but not the people inside it. I feel like inviting my queer heterosexual friends to be a part of the LGBT struggle, but carefully, considerately, knowing that they're coming from outside – just like a male in a feminist female group, just like a Jew in Bil'in.



TAMMY & ISHAY

YOU CAN CALL ME AN ANARCHIST

For us the bond between the Occupation and homophobia cannot be severed. But at the Jerusalem demo last summer we sensed a distinct dichotomy, where the presence of the black-pink block protesting against Israeli militarism overshadowed the institutional protest against homophobia in Jerusalem. We sensed surprise, fear and frustration at Police conduct that afternoon in the park where we were protesting. We too were furious at the inciting and deliberately false representation of the demo in the press. Having grown used to the eternal "what does one thing (homophobia) have to do with the other (anti-militarism)?" didn't change these feelings.

A few weeks later the surprise and disappointment made room for another sensation we'd grown accustomed to: we've already starred in that movie. We are well acquainted with Police reaction to assertions of links between queer identity or some non-apologetic gender otherness and other socio-political issues. Scores of demonstrations come to mind: against the Separation Wall, confronting Israel's Business Conference, supporting Women in Black, etc. But we mostly recall the Queerfada party, which we helped throw. We're talking about a private party held three years ago in a Tel-Aviv apartment on the evening before the local Gay Pride – a party that ended just like the Jerusalem demonstration: with Police brutality and arrests.

The Queerfada was a planned party that had been coordinated with the neighbors, and didn't bother anyone. This made no impression on 40 Special Patrol Unit cops trained to disperse demonstrations, who broke into a private space without a warrant holding nightsticks in their hands. They broke in after we'd realized who we'd been dealing with, and had already used the loudspeakers to announce that the party was over. The owner

of the premises was strangled unconscious and arrested at her doorstep. Another participant was sentenced to a year of house arrest for "assaulting a Policeman". A few video cameras were smashed. Eventually, in May 2007 the three participants accused of assaulting Policemen were fully exonerated. In the verdict the judge clearly stated that the cops lied through their teeth when they said they'd been assaulted. The video proved as much.

Most media coverage of the event focused on whether the Police acted homophobically (the party was defined by many journalists as an alternative pride party, a title which we hadn't come up with). The organizers, for what it's worth, agreed that homophobia had not been the issue. We believe that the surprisingly extensive violence directed against us reacted to the combination of queer contents (gay, if we stick to the Police's point of view), the title of the party (recalling the Palestinian Intifada) and the invitations to an anti-wall party which had been distributed at the door.

Back to Jerusalem. Whoever requires clarifications is welcome to the statement made by Police spokesman Chief Superintendent Ben-Rubi: "What happened is that among them (the "nice" gays?!) there was a group of a few dozen anarchists, who used the demonstration to protest against the war in Lebanon. 15 soldiers had died that day, and they voiced slogans against the army." This is how we read it: gays dancing with a thong against a background of corporate banners – cool; gays who think that the occupation is depraving us – break their bones.

Recalling the Queerfada is not just our private stroll down memory lane. There's a suspicious similarity in the conceptual divisions of agents as different as the Police and the Jerusalem Open House (at least as expressed in articles written by the former manager of this local GLBT community organization that staged the demonstration): according to this conceptual division a protest against the so called Second Lebanon War is political, whereas the gay struggle isn't. This division was also reflected by the media coverage of the demo: one internet news site used "the gay rally turned into a demonstration" as a title. The message of this title is that the gay struggle is not a political struggle.

We do not accept this conceptual division. It is clear to us both that homophobia is a manifestation of the patriarchal, sexist and misogynist agenda referred to as the Status Quo. But we're angered by the imposed separation between homophobia as a Human Rights issue (that is a Zionist White Male Rights issue), and the rights of other civilians in the area: Palestinian under occupation, Lebanese civilians, Israelis in the north targeted with missiles, Israelis in the south attacked by rockets, eight women who worked for the president, whom he sexually assaulted, etc. (there's no end to this list).

Ben-Rubi's statement discloses the conceptual divisions according to which it is inconceivable that that "group of a few dozen anarchists" is in fact a bunch of butt surfers. It's too complicated to file. So if anarchism means objecting to a futile and violent military campaign, while daring to link this blind crime to the violation of minority rights, and insisting that homophobia does have to do with it – then apparently we're anarchists.

It's funny, because we're both (like many other participants in that demonstration) central Tel-Aviv residents with "respectable" day jobs who pay their taxes. In this sense we're practically as anarchist as Britney Spears. This fact makes it evident that being anarchists does not boil down to munching lentil sprouts, running from an animal rights protest to Salon Mazal, and listening to hardcore punk. Though that can be fun as well.


QUEERUPTION
TEL-AVIV 20
QUEERUPTION TEL-AVIV
AUGUST 2006
THE QUEER W
RESIST THE OCC
QUEERHAN
QUEERUPTION
ערב התרמה
KAFETA SOLIDARIA
QUEERUPTION 9
TEL-AVIV
August 2006 Tel Aviv
SPRING
CLEAN
22 April 9-2am
at THE SQUARE
17 de Junio



When we're walking,
then we're three –
you and me and the next war.
When we're sleeping,
then we're three –
you and me and the next war.
When we're smiling
at the moment of love,
the next war is smiling with us.
When we're waiting
in the delivery room,
the next war is waiting with us.
You and me and the next war,
the next war coming on us for luck.
You and me and the next war,
that will give eternal rest.

(Hanoch Levin)